

Toledo, Ohio.,

Thursday evening, January 15th, 1942

My dear Miss Parlow,

Your nice greeting card and message was the most endeared gift, both tangible and intangible, that I had received at Christmas time in all the Christmas seasons that I have sustained in the past. Yes, your words were really, to me, like a divine revelation and inspiration from Heaven; for I have so long desired to hear just one word from you, to hear that the true and fine people that music really involves still exist in this pretentious and vulgar world, and that I occupy a period of acquaintance with the truest and the finest musical personality of them all.

So, Miss Parlow, I was overwhelmed with enthusiasm to hear from you. Everytime I have seen our mailman, named Gus, I would inquire "Any mail for me from New York City, Gus?"; and he was so accustomed to say "No, Andy, not today," that for the past few months whenever I would hurriedly approach his coming, he replied each day like an automaton each day "Nothing for you Andy". But all in all, I was always imbued with the same feeling that Miss Parlow has not forgotten me musically, and every morning my thoughts have constantly reverted to my period of study with you in New York. There were thoughts that seemed to urge me to solve means and ways to acquire or rather devise a method that would enable me to get into the real core of musical education violinistically once more, under your supreme direction. The method of course was to get back to New York in order to pursue the intended course of study with Miss Parlow. Constantly, I have been trying to get people here in Toledo interested to station me with the necessary cash reserve that they have. They are wealthy, several of them that I approached, but they have been rather unfair in their final analysis of my situation; and which I have conscientiously conjectured to be jealousy, and also that they have knowledge that my people are also on the wealthy side. However, I have broken my line of thought in securing someone else's aid, and am solidly bent upon making my own course of life in the coming years through my own efforts. And I cannot see why I cannot do so; I will only be too happy to work and earn, just so that I may continue my tenacious purpose of securing the highest specialized training that I could possibly get for my violinistic furtherance. Perhaps that I speak this way seems but many words. But I mean to carry out my design, with the help of God.

Since I had written to you last, Miss Parlow, we were at peace; but now, the war has evolved and enveloped all of us and it really has trekked into each one's path of life, in some way or another. Music and aspiring careerists are practically wearing crutches idealistically; the nation seems to be as far away from free aspirations and educational survival as the moon and stars of the universe. But the future for those who staunchly stand up and defy the enemy to toss kinks into the spherical trend of their futuristic careers does not necessarily be without vision; those who are the conscious of the future will turn out to be the "Survival of the Fittest." So many have dropped their ambitious nature of plugging defiantly ahead in spite of the critical days that have come and are still yet to come upon us in the course of the war. I do not say we should not do our utmost to help the cause of victory in achieving a successful and brief war; I will be only too glad to serve my country, in whatever capacity they impose upon me.

And, while on this subject, this leads me to the statement, Miss Parlow, that I have not been either drafted or summoned to physical examinations for Army duty. And I have found out that my eyes will have a n advantage in hindering me to be recruited into an army uniform; for this I am in a certain way happy, because I am now set to again leave the domain of home-comfort and travel to wherever I must to follow Miss Parlow's guidance. I am ready to leave right today for Toronoto, but I must remain here till I have my physical examination and classification in the Draft, as I have been advised by the Draft-board. But as soon as my examinations are completed and all red tape is completed also, and in my favor, (I hope), I will depart with my usual enthusiasm and ardor for resumption of my most longed desire --- to return for further study with Miss Parlow, which will not be interrupted by ^{any} more elements that led to so many disappointments in the past for me. Once I get started again, I will endure to the end, I vow it.

And now, for a few words on the musical side. Have I been practising regularly: Indeed, I have. I have been studying conscientiously, and have not given up one inch in Willm^g, Determination, and Patience of advancing and Fortitude of purpose. (Miss Parlow may know me pretty well for that, I'm sure.) And I have some good news that I'm sure will interest you, Miss Parlow, and that is that I am a member of the TOLEDO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA which was organized just last year and backed by the most powerful financial interests of the city. We give ten concerts each season; five of which have featured soloists. I didn't try at the outset of the past year ^{to act in} but

(Toledo Ohio, Thurs. Jan. 15, 1942)

got in at the mid season. We have played last season for Memuhin, Robeson, Helen Jepson, and this Monday we are going to play the Paganini Concerto with Francescatti as soloist; in February Nelson Eddy is to sing for the benefit of the orchestra fund; then in March we are to have Jose Iturbi, and finally Helen Traubel in April. This has been very thrilling to me, this educational training of seeing how the top flight men work before and actually playing with them at concerts.

At my audition to get into the orchestra (I did not get in at the start of its organization, as I previously said) George King Raudenbush, the conductor, said that I played much better than most of those already in the orchestra, and he could not understand why I did not try out at the first auditioning for members. (Truthfully Miss Parlow I was scared, thinking I would not meet up to their standards and be laughed at). I played for Mr Raudenbush the Paganini Concerto, and his remarks were quite encouraging, for he himself was a violinist in a symphony orchestra of great repute in the east,. I don't recall which one. Since I have been in this group till the present time of writing this letter, I have developed and bolstered my self-confidence to a degree where it is not arrogant but rather stimulative of going ahead fearlessly and doing the job I have set up to accomplish. (These qualities I needed pretty badly, didn't I, Miss Parlow?)

And so, I have not been sitting laxadaisically-by (I don't know how that word came to my mind,) letting opportunities slip, and above all, this orchestral experience is doing me worlds of good, even though I did not sight read too well at the start; but I am catching on steadily, and progressively. Anything can be mastered if one has the initiative to do so rightly.

But , ----oh----, how this letter has dragged to such unusually long proportions. To top it off, it sounds so much like an EDITORIAL that I don't know whether I should tear it up and begin all over, or just send it as it is. But I guess I will just send it, Miss Parlow, as it stands, for even my fingers feel the ticking and barking of the typewriter keys too much like a machine gun fire. I would gladly begin all over again if I could organize my words more properly, and especially if with every tick of the typewriter I were able to eliminate a Jap from existence. But now, the conclusion has arrived and I hope you will tolerate my long letter. I had much to say, and perhaps I have not even gotten started. But really, I am so glad that I have heard from you, Miss Parlow, honestly. And rest assured that I will be probably seeing you Miss Parlow in the not very distant future. I have already gone to the railroad and bus

stations to obtain time-bulletins and price-figures to Toronto. I have been preparing myself for a quick takeoff, in case all is going to turn out well with my draft board, (as I know it will.) As I've said, you can expect me in full regalia depending upon my examinations which are sure to come within a few weeks. How are Bill and Louise; did they also go to Toronto? I wanted to write to each of them but I didn't know whether they would have cared to hear from me; and I didn't know whether they lived at the same addresses.

Well, adieu, Miss Parlow, and accept my best wishes for a Happy and prosperous New Year, even though I am a few days behind. Thanks for your patience.

I remain, most faithfully your student,

ANDRAS SNYIR.

2136 CONSAUL STREET,
Toledo ----Ohio.